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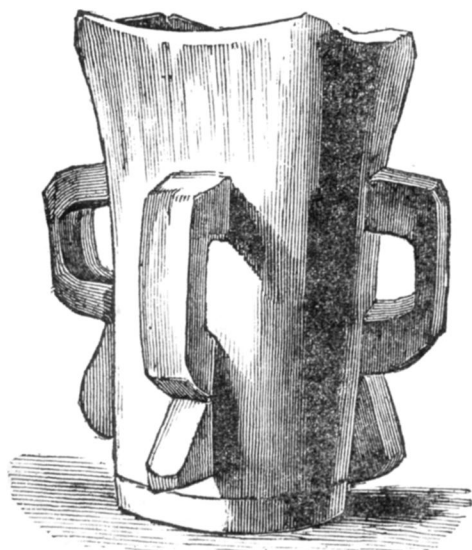
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## THE ANCIENT IRISH METHER.

Most of our readers have heard of the ancient Irish drinking cup called the Mether, now entirely disused, or only to be found in the remotest mountain wilds of our country. It is associated in our minds with the simplicity and hospitality of by-gone times; and those who have drank out of it in their youth—if there be any such centa-genarians—as well as those who are yet unacquainted with its form, will, we have no doubt, be alike gratified at seeing it preserved in our little depository of national remains.



The original from which our illustration is taken, was found in a bog in the county of Armagh. It is of the usual form and proportions, round at bottom, but quadrangular at top, and with a handle on each of its four sides. The material is crab tree. Its height is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and its circumference  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches; it holds about three pints. This specimen is, as we have already remarked, the usual size and form of the mether; but it is sometimes found of considerably greater size, and sometimes with only two handles. The use of the four handles appears evidently to have been for the greater convenience of passing the cup round from one to another.

The use of the mether appears to have been universal in Ireland, for it is found in the bogs in all parts of the island; and judging from the great depth at which it is often discovered, its antiquity must be extreme indeed.

P.

## SPRING.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

Fair Spring, if it be thou,  
O'er yon misty mountain brow,  
In the porch of brightest dawn, dost appear,  
With that scarf of every hue,  
With that zone of pearly dew,  
With thy freshness ever new,  
O come here!

From the morning's eastern cave,  
Thy gay bowers beyond the wave,  
Where Araby's blest sunbeam smiles;  
From the fragrant Indian steep,  
Stretch thy light vans o'er the deep,  
And drive those hours, that weep  
O'er the isles.

Call each bright and gentle thing  
That comes with thee, O Spring,  
To gladden every lawn and glade;  
The breeze and shower, the beam  
That tinges cloud and stream,  
Or plays where blue-bells gleam,  
In the shade.

By the fountain's fairy billow,  
New silver the sad willow

That droops its mournful braid o'er the pool;  
Scatter thyme and tufted reed  
O'er the lillied lowland mead,  
Where the sedgy streamlets speed,  
Clear and cool.

Bring each gem of heavenly hue,  
Each child of sun and dew,

Which moor, or mount, or meadow knows;  
All the wild flowers sweet that twine  
In yon sunny wreath of thine,  
The cowslip, eglantine,

And red rose.

Bring the painted wings that hover  
On thy banks of honied clover,

And the murmur of busy bees;  
And, as thy train advances,  
The myriad maze that dances,  
Where the arrowy swallow glances  
In the breeze.

Bid new life be of thy train,  
And young bleatings fill the plain  
Till the Shepherd's heart rejoice;  
Bid thy thrush call up the grove,  
And thy cushat murmur love,  
And thy lark in heaven above  
Find a voice.

But chief, O soul of flowers,  
And heart-enlivening hours,  
The muse, and queen of love, wait for thee.  
The nurse of hope thou art,  
When thy sunbeams touch the heart,  
Love and gladness they impart,  
And young glee.

Then hither, hither—Spring,  
Wave thy fragrant sunny wing  
In the breezes of flowery May;  
Bring thy passion-haunted maze,  
And thy choir of woodland lays,  
For thee the world delays,  
Come away!

J. UU.

## ON A NEW MODE OF SAVING TURF OR PEAT FUEL.

What constitutes the great anxiety of the most anxious of all mortals, an Irish farmer? The saving and bringing home of his turf. And why is he the most anxious of men? Because he is the subject, and too often the victim, of the most uncertain of climates. And why is the saving of his fuel, his most peculiar care? Because the saving and securing of that fuel, is the most precarious of all his changeful employments; and because on the security of that fuel depend the comforts of his house, the conveniences of his homestead, and the thrift of horses, cows, pigs, poultry, and every thing about him. It is therefore altogether necessary for the Irish farmer to provide for his bog work, and in that very season of the year when agriculture requires all his hands; and when the Scotch farmer, or the English farmer, who depend on coals, can look to their turnip husbandry and their weedings, &c. &c. the Irishman is in his bog; there all hands are employed—there he is himself; and let who will want farmer Pat, from the 1st of June to the 1st of August, the answer is, "he is gone to the bog." And yet after all, when he is there, with all his merry men, and women too, he may do little good. He may cut the turf, but he may not save it. A summer so cold and so wet may come on, that after all his footings and clappings, turf may, instead of drying, dissolve under incessant showers of rain; and I have seen frequently in the course of my life, not only the poor labourer, but the strong farmer and the snug gentleman, reduced to the utmost distress for want of sufficient fuel; this may occur, as I have seen it, on the very verge of the bog of Allen; but in the south of Ireland it is on these occasions peculiarly distressing. At all times fuel is difficult to procure in the greater part of the counties of Tipperary, Cork, and Limerick; and the poor in these districts are obliged to go many miles to obtain fuel in the best of seasons; but in such wet summers as I have alluded to, turf becomes almost unattainable, and the poor wretched inmate of a comfortless cabin, has been obliged to depend upon the boiling of his potatoes on the evanescent fire got up by the crackling of thorns; and